THE WAR CLOUD IN THE FAR EAST AS THE LONDON PAPERS PICTURED IT.

A MONTENEGRIN COLUMN ON THE MARCH.

When the Montenegrins are advancing against an enemy the women not only look after the pack mules and transport arrangements generally, but themselves do the work of pack mules. In addition to this they form the Red Cross branch of the army, bringing the wounded in from the front and nursing them. Their strength is greater than that of many men—Illustrated London News.

A SONG OF FAR TRAVEL.

Many a time some drowsy oar
From the nearer bank invited,
Crossed a narrow stream, and bore
In among the reeds moon-lighted,
There to leave me on a shore
No ferryman hath sighted.

Many a time a mountain stile,
Dark and bright with sudden wetting,
Lured my vagrant foot the while
'Twixt uplifting and down-settling—
Whither? Thousand mile on mile
Beyond the last forgetting.

Still by hidden ways I wend,
(Past occasion grown a ranger);
Still enchantment, like a friend,
Takes from death the tang of danger;
Hardly river or rod can end
Where I need step a stranger!
—Atlantic.

Rather a Neat Job

My profession isn't a popular one. There is considerable prejudice against it. I don't myself think it's much worse than a good many others. However, that's nothing to do with my story. Some years ago me and the gentleman who was at that time connected with me in business—he's met with reverses since then, and at present isn't able to get out—were looking around for a job, being at that time rather hard up, as you might say. We struck a small country town—I ain't a-goin' to give it away by telling where it was, or what the name if it was. There was one bank there; the president was a rich old duffer; owned the mills, owned the bank, owned most of the town. There wasn't no other officer but the cashier, and they had a boy, who used to sweep out and run of errands.

The bank was on the main street, pretty well up one end of it—nice, snug place, on the corner of a cross street, with nothing very near it. We took our observations and found there wasn't no trouble at all about it. There was an old watchman that walked up and down the streets nights, when he didn't fall asleep and forget it. The vault had two doors; the outside one was chilled iron, and a three wheel combination lock; the inner door wasn't no door at all; you could kick it open. It didn't pretend to be nothing but fireproof, and it wasn't even that. The first thing we done, of course, was to fit a key to the outside door. As the lock on the outside door was an old-fashoned Bacon lock, any gentleman in my profession who chances to read this article will know just how easy that job was, and how we did it.

This was our plan: After the key was fitted I was to go into the bank, and Jim—that wasn't his name, of course, but let it pass—was to keep watch on the outside. When any one passed he was to tip me a whistle, and then I doused the glim and lay low; after they got by, I goes on again. Simple and easy, you see. Well, the night as we selected the president happened to be out of town; gone down to the city, as he often did. I got inside all right, with a slide lantern, a breast drill, a small steel jimmy, a bunch of skeleton keys and a green baize bag, to stow the swag. I fixed my light and rigged my breast drill, and got to work on the door right over the lock.

Probably a great many of our readers are not so well posted as me about bank locks, and I may say for them that a three wheel combination lock has three wheels in it, and a slot in each wheel. In order to unlock the door, you have to get the three slots opposite to each other at the top of the lock. Of course, if you know the number the lock is set on you can do this; but if you don't you have to depend on your ingenuity. There is in each of these wheels a small hole, through which you can put a wire through the back of the lock when you change the combination. Now, if you can bore a hole through the door and pick up those wheels by running a wire through those holes, why, you can open the door. I hope I make myself clear. I was boring that hole. The door was chilled iron; about the neatest stuff I ever worked on. I went on steady enough; only stopped when Jim—which, as I said, wasn't his real name—whistled outside, and the watchman toddled by. By-and-by, when I'd got pretty near through, I heard Jim—so to speak—whistle again. I stopped, and pretty soon I heard footsteps outside, and I'm blowed, if they didn't come right up to the bank steps and I heard a key in the lock. I was so dumfounded when I heard that that you could have slipped the bracelets right on me. I picked up the lantern, and I'll be hanged if I didn't let the slide slip down and throw the light right onto the door, and there was the president. Instead of calling for help, as I supposed he would, he took a step inside the door, and shaded his eyes with his hand and looked at me. I knowed I ought to knock him down and cut out, but I'm blest if I could, I was that surprised.

"Who are you?" he says.

"Who are you?" says I, thinking that was an innocent remark as he commenced it, and a-trying all the time to collect myself.

"I'm president of the bank," says he, kinder short; "something the matter with the lock?"

By George! the idea came to me then.

"Yes, sir," says I, touching my cap; "Mr. Jennings, he telegraphed this morning as the lock was out of order and he couldn't get in and I'm come on to open it for him."

"I told Jennings a week ago," says he, "that he ought to get that lock fixed. Where is he?"

"He's been a-writing letters, and he's gone up to his house to get another letter he wanted for to answer."

"Well, why don't you go right on?" says he.

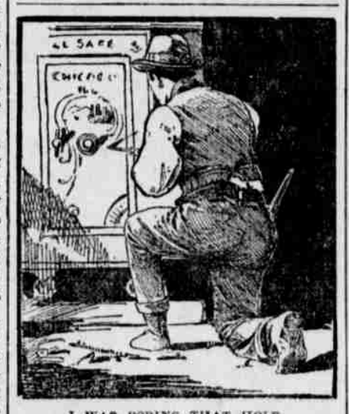
"I've got almost through," says I, "and I didn't want to finish up and open the vault till there was somebody here."

"That's very creditable of you," says he; "a very proper sentiment, my man. You can't be too particular about avoiding the very suspicion of evil."

"No, sir," says I, kinder modest like.

"What do you suppose is the matter with the lock?" says he.

"I don't rightly know yet," says I; "but I rather think it's a little wore on



I WAS BORING THAT HOLE.

account of not being oiled enough. These 'ere locks ought to be oiled about once a year."

"Well," says he, "you might as well go right on, now I'm here; I will stay till Jennings comes. Can't I help you—hold your lantern, or something of that sort?"

The thought came to me like a flash, and I turned around and says:

"How do I know you're the president? I ain't ever seen you afore, and you may be a-trying to crack this bank, for all I know."

"That's a very proper inquiry, my man," says he, "and shows a most remarkable degree of discretion. I confess that I should not have thought of the position in which I was placing you. However, I can easily convince you that it's all right. Do you know what the president's name is?"

"No, I don't," says I, sorter surly.

"Well, you'll find it on that bill," said he, taking a bill out of his pocket; "and you see the same name on these letters," and he took some letters from his coat.

I suppose I ought to have gone right on then, but I was beginning to feel interested in making him prove who he was, so I says:

"You might have got those letters to put up a job on me."

'You're a very honest man," says he; "one among a thousand. Don't think I'm at all offended at your persistence. No, my good fellow, I like it, I like it," and he laid his hand on my shoulder. "Now, here," says he, taking a bundle out of his pocket, "is a package of ten thousand dollars in bonds. A burglar wouldn't be apt to carry these around with him, would he? I bought them in the city yesterday, and I stopped here to-night on my way home to place them in the vault, and, I may add that your simple and manly honesty has so touched me that I would willingly leave them in your hands for safe keeping. You needn't blush at my praise."

I suppose I did turn sorter red when I see them bonds.

"Are you satisfied now?" says he.

I told him I was, thoroughly, and so I was. So I picked up my drill again, and gave him the lantern to hold so that I could see the door. I got through the lock pretty soon, and put in my wire and opened it. Then he took hold of the door and opened the vault.

"I'll put my bonds in," says he, "and go home. You can lock up and wait till Mr. Jennings comes. I don't suppose you will try to fix the lock to-night?"

I told him I shouldn't do anything more with it now, as we could get in before morning.

"Well, I'll bid you good-night, my man," says he, as he quietly swung the door to again.

Just then I heard Jim, by name, whistle, and I guessed the watchman was a-coming up the street.

"Ah," says I, "you might speak to the watchman, if you see him, and tell him to keep an extra lookout to-night."

"I will," says he, and we both went to the front door.

"There comes the watchman up the street," says he. "Watchman, this man has been fixing the bank lock, and I want you to keep a sharp lookout to-night. He will stay here and wait until Mr. Jennings returns."

"Good-night again," says he, and we shook hands, and he leisurely went up the street.

I saw Jim, so called, in the shadow on the other side of the street, as I stood on the step with the watchman.

"Well," says I to the watchman, "I'll go and pick up my tools, and get ready to go."

I went into the bank, and it didn't take long to throw the door open and stuff them bonds into the bag. There was some boxes lying around, and a safe as I should rather have liked to have tackled, but it seemed like tempting Providence after the luck we'd had. I looked at my watch and see it was just a quarter past twelve. There was an express train went through at half-past twelve. I tucked my tools in the bag on top of the bonds, and walked out of the front door. The watchman was on the steps.

"I don't believe I'll wait for Mr. Jennings," says I. "I suppose it will be all right if I give you this key."

"That's all right," says the watchman.

"I wouldn't go away very far from the bank," says I.

"No, I won't," says he; "I'll stay right about here all night."

"Good-night," says I, and I shook hands with him, and me and Jim—which wasn't his right name, you understand—took the twelve-thirty express, and the best part of that job was we never heard nothing of it.

It never got into the papers.—Pennsylvania Grit.

The Insufferable Anticipation.

A young Scotch emigrant was brought before the magistrate of a Nova Scotia court, charged with having deserted his work on a certain farm without giving due notice to his employer. When asked what he had to say in his defense, he replied, "Weel, they gied me nout but brakeshaw to eat." Brakeshaw, it may be explained, is the flesh of animals which have died a natural death.

"How was that?" asked the magistrate.

"Weel, it was this way. Ye ken, the auld coo deed an' we ate it, the auld steg (gander) deed an' we ate ot, the auld soo (sow) deed an' we ate it, the auld bubbleJock deed an' we ate it. Then the old woman deed—an' I left."
—Bellman.

The First Hello Girl.

They were seated around a table in a well known cafe, and the conversation had turned upon the development of the flying machine and other fruits of the inventive genius of the day.

"Tut, tut," exclaimed a solemn faced, lantern jawed member of the party. "What of it?" The old folks were not so slow. Look at the telephone, claimed as a modern invention. Why, say, it's the oldest on record."

"You better see your doctor. What's the matter with you?" asked another.

"Oh, I mean it," said the solemn-faced man. "Telephone service dates back to the garden of Eden—that's where it originated. The garden's call was 2-8-1 Apple."

Then he dodged the remnant of a sandwich, reached for his hat and was gone.—New York Globe.

A Change.

Mrs. Larkin—I want a little money to-day, Fred.

Mr. L.—I'm very glad of that.

Mrs. L. (surprised)—Why are you glad? Mr. L.—Because generally you want a good deal.

If a man is honest you can always tell it by the way he doesn't talk about it.

"I forgot" is a poor but popular excuse.

SHEAR NONSENSE

A woman and her opinions are soon parted.

Wigg—I have a noiseless typewriter. Wagg—Is she a deaf-mute?—Philadelphia Record.

"What ails me, doc?" asked the genial clubman. "You need a job. You're suffering from overrest."—New York Sun.

Mrs. Benham—How much did you pay the minister when we were married? Benham—He fined me five dollars.—Harper's Weekly.

Teacher—Now, children, what is the greatest enemy of poultry? Silence. Teacher—Who eats the most poultry? Pupils—The minister!—Jugend (Munich).

The Lady—Little boy, don't you know smoking will shorten your life? The Kid—Shucks! Wot do I care? I've seen everyt'ing dere is.—Boston Traveler.

Pat—I hear yer wolfe is sick, Moike. Mike—She is thot. Pat—Is it dangerous she is? Mike—Divil a bit. She's too weak to be dangerous any more!—Brooklyn Life.

Facetious Friend (teasingly)—Well, which rules—you or your wife? Mr. Youngwed (with hauteur)—You forget we can afford to keep a cook.—Baltimore American.

Stella—So your father handled him without gloves? Bella—Yes, and it would have been better for poor, dear George if he had done it without shoes. —New York Sun.

"The telephone is certainly a great invention. Think of it! You can talk to your wife fifty miles away." "That may be your experience. All I've been able to do is to listen."

"Have you," asked the judge of a recently convicted man, "anything to offer the court before sentence is passed?" "No, your honor," replied the prisoner, "my lawyer took my last dollar."

"I saw the major's wife at her window early this morning. She looked 40 years old!" "You must be mistaken, your highness; no woman is as old as she looks in the morning!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

"Why are you so vexed, Irma? "I am so exasperated! I attended the meeting of the Social Equality League, and my parlor maid presided and had the audacity to call me to order three times!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Mulligan—The byes say ye licked poor Casey. Shure, he niver hurt iny man's feelin's. Harrigan—He's a shnake in the grass. The blackguard referred to me as his contimperary, and I'll be the contimperary to no man livin'.—Puck.

"Before we were married," said Mrs. Chatterton, "you used to tell me how much you loved me, but you never do now." "Of course not, my dear," replied the masculine partner. "Since our marriage you haven't given me a chance to tell you anything."

Said a poet to an unfortunate speculator: "Don't you think that the opening lines of Tennyson's little poem, 'Break, break, break,' are plaintive and sad?" "Yes," was the melancholy reply. But I think that 'Broke, broke, broke,' is a good deal sadder."

"William," she said, "means good. James means beloved. I wonder"—a flush mantled her cheek. "I wonder she softly murmured, "what George means?" "George means business, I hope," said mother, looking up from the wedding announcements in the paper.

Anxious Mother—Nellie, dear, do you think that young Huggins, who has been calling on you twice a week for some time, is matrimonially inclined? Pretty Daughter—Really, I don't know what to think, mamma, dear. He has such a knack of keeping one in the dark!

Old Acquaintance—Why, old chap, a few years ago you were the best dressed man in town, but now your outfit is pretty shabby. Had a reverse? Companion—Well, you may call it that. The truth is, I got married since, and now it's my wife that's the best dressed woman in town.

Young Wife—To-morrow will be my birthday, dear. Young Husband—You'll be twenty-one? Young Wife—No; twenty-five. Young Husband—Why, a year ago, just before our wedding, you told me you were only twenty. Young Wife—Yes, but I have aged rapidly since our marriage.

"My friends," said an itinerant preacher, "the Scriptural rule for giving was one-tenth of what a man possessed. If you feel you can't afford so much, just give a sixth, or a fourth, according to your means. We will dispense with the next hymn and take up the collection."—Lippincott's.

Willie—And so you quarreled? Charlie—Yes; she sent back all my presents. And what do you suppose I did? Willie—Can't guess. Charlie—I sent her a half dozen boxes of face powder, with a note explaining that I'd taken about that much home on my coat since I'd known her.—The Gossip.

Outside of His Practice.

"All that is the matter with you, sir," said the eminent physician after a thorough examination, "is lack of nutrition. You don't eat enough."

"I eat all I can hold, doctor," said the attenuated caller.

"Then you need to have your capacity enlarged, and that's a case for a surgeon. Five dollars, please. Good morning."—Chicago Tribune.

The Making of It.

"If they're both deaf and dumb, I don't see how they could make love."

"No? I should say it was the best kind—all handmade, you know."—New York Sun.

It's queer the way a girl can wink without getting caught at it.

IN THE OLD HOUSE.

The fruits are stored, the fields are bare,
The ground is hard, the skies are gray;
November's chill is in the air;
To-morrow is Thanksgiving day.

The farmhouse stands in sheltered nook,
Its walls are filled with warmth and cheer;
Its fires shine out with friendly look
To welcome all who enter here.

Full forty years have come and gone
Since first this hearthstone's ruddy glow,
Fresh kindled, flung its light upon
Thanksgiving guests of long ago.

Long was the list of squires and dames;
From year to year how short it grew!
Read out the old, familiar names
They heard here when this house was new.

Grandmother?—aye, she went the first;
Grandfather?—by her side he rests;
The shade and sunlight, interspersed,
Have fallen long above their breasts.

Our aunts and uncles?—sundered wide,
Their graves lie east, their graves lie west;
As veteran soldiers scarred and tried,
They fought their fight, they earned their rest.

Our father?—dear and gentle heart!
A nature sweet, beloved by all;
How early turned his steps apart
To pass from human ken and call!

Our mother?—brisk and kindly soul!
How have she bore fate's every frown,
Nor rested till she reached the goal
Where all must lay their burdens down!

Our brother?—toward the setting sun,
From us remote, his home is made,
And many a year its course has run
Since here his boyish sports were played.

Put by the book! My heart is sore.
The night winds up the chimney flee,
The fires within gleam as before,
But none are here save you and me!

But, sister, you and I again
Will heap the hearth and spread the board
And serve our kindred, now as then,
With all that home and hearts afford.

The scattered remnants of our line,
We'll summon 'neath this roof once more,
And pledge, in rare affection's wine,
The memory of those days of yore.

God bless them all,—the fond and true!
God keep them all,—both here and there,
Until the Old becomes the New,
Forever, in His Mansions Fair!
—Youth's Companion.

John Warren's Thanksgiving.

John Warren dropped his newspaper on the floor of the car and stared out of the window. Strongly built and handsome, he was just now wearing on his face a look of utter weariness, resulting from a long trip in the West, where he had been looking after some interests of the firm of which he was a junior partner. Nine years before, in a fit of anger, he had left his home in the country and, too proud to return, had, by dint of dogged persistence, secured a humble place in the packing rooms of Brace & Brown's wholesale dry goods store. Fortune favored him, and this same quality of resolution, together with application, had raised him to the position he now occupied. A group of traveling men were making ready to leave the train. It was a jocular set and they had enlivened their trip with stories, politics and trade gossip, and now the jolly-faced hardware drummer said: "Boys, where are you going to be Thanksgiving day?"

"I'm going back to the fleshpots of Egypt and eat my turkey in the country," said one.

"Yes," said another, "I'm going to be in my old place at the old table with my white-haired little mother smiling at me from behind the coffee pot and my dear old dad piling enough on my place to feed a regiment."

"Think of those home-made pies!" said another, "those fat moons of apple, pumpkin, mince and cranberry. Say, no restaurant-tin-bottom-crust about them."

"And," said the boot and shoe man, "to sit around the old fireplace and watch a row of juicy apples roasting in front of that roaring, great-hearted log fire. Boys, you couldn't fence me away from home that day."

And so each one, with a home picture in his heart, hurried out of the car and up the long flight of station stairs away to his destination, while slowly behind them came John Warren with a surging tumult of feelings in his breast, and as he slowly mounted the last step a tear dropped on his brown beard and a sudden resolution filled his heart. He almost shouted: "I'm going home, too."

John hurried to his hotel, and taking a very shabby suit from his wardrobe packed it with some other things in a large satchel, and then hastening to the station climbed into the sleeper just as the long train pulled out for the east. Arriving at a point twenty miles west of his old home, he went to an obscure hotel and changed his clothing for the old suit in his satchel.

When the "'leven forty" pulled into the town of M—— two days before Thanksgiving the usual crowd of loungers observed a tall, brown-bearded man, whose clothes seemed the worse for wear, step off the rear platform, and without looking at anyone strike off toward the farm of Richard Warren. Much curiosity was centered on this event until the seediest looking loafer present said:

"That was John Warren, or I'll eat my hat! He's come home to live on the old folks. It wouldn't be for long, though, 'cause Squire Cobb has given notice that he's goin' to foreclose the mortgage he has on the old man's place."

If they had followed the stranger for half a mile they might have seen the strong young man shed heartfelt tears as he leaned against the old oak tree by the little gate and gaze earnestly on the brown house at the edge of the woods. Crushing the snow with hasty steps, he was soon at the woodpile at the side of the house. Flinging down his satchel and catching up the ax, he split an armful of wood and opening the kitchen door said in a voice tremulous with emotion, "Mother, is this enough wood to get dinner with?"

A cry of wonderful joy and the mother wept on her son's shoulder while his father paced the floor shouting, "Praise God! Praise God!" stopping often to clasp his son's hand and murmur, "My boy, my boy." Then they drew up to the fire and John said: "Father, mother, will you forgive me for my anger nine years ago and my cruel silence ever since?" And his mother said: "My boy, not a day has passed by that we haven't prayed for your return, and, now that you are with us, we can take a new lease on life, and"—she glanced at his shabby clothing—"we will share our little possessions with you, my dear, long-lost son."

As the afternoon wore away John helped his father about the chores and by skillfully planned questions learned all about his financial troubles. He had taken his satchel up to his old room and was washing his hands before supper when he heard a light step on the porch and a bright-faced young woman walked into the kitchen and seeing him stood embarrassed until he, coming forward, said:

"This is Anna Scott, isn't it?"

"Why, John Warren, where have you kept yourself all these years? Oh, how happy your mother must be!"

And dropping his hand, which she had been shaking with greatest enthusiasm, she flew down into the cellar and threw both arms around his mother's neck, and that good lady embraced her, weeping and patting her shoulder with the empty cream pitcher which she had taken there to fill.

Mrs. Warren insisted that Anna should stay for supper. It seemed very much like old times when John tucked her hand under his arm and they walked over the road they had traveled so often years before. Just as they entered her father's gateway John said:

"Anna, my parents think just as you do, that I have made a failure of life. Well, I haven't. I am junior member of a very prosperous firm in the West, but I want to keep the secret a little while longer and I want you to help me give them a kind surprise."

Then he unfolded his plan to her and her voice rang with delight as she said: "Oh, John, how lovely that will be!"

The next morning, after the old family Bible was read and a heartfelt prayer offered, John asked the loan of his father's horse and drove straight to Squire Cobb's office and that worthy being in, John said:

"Squire, I came to see you about that mortgage you have on my father's farm."

With that he drew from his pocket a large roll of bank notes and counted down the $500 which would release his father from worry and misery. John drove at once to the farm of Mr. Scott and called "Whoa!" just as Anna, her father, mother and brother came to the gate.

There were hearty greetings, and then Anna, all ready for a long drive, sprang in beside him. How bright the morning was! How happy were they as the bells jingled and the sleigh moved over the wilderness of snow and through the deep woods. What mysterious bundles they brought out of the stores in town until, when, at last they arrived at Anna's home, the sleigh was loaded with "enough to stock a store," as Harry Scott remarked.

Thanksgiving day dawned bright and glorious with sun and snow, and early in the morning Anna appeared and she "wanted to help get dinner." Soon John brought the horse and cutter around and asked his mother to take a ride with him, and finally, after much urging from Anna, Mrs. Warren put on her shabby cloak and hood and with a warm soapstone at her feet was tucked into the sleigh beside John. He noticed the cloak and gave a little look of entreaty to Anna, who only smiled and said: "I wish you would call at mother's before you come back." Away they drove toward the mill and down by the river, then stopped at Farmer Scott's. Soon Mrs. Scott was showing Mrs. Warren her "new quilt, just taken out of the frames," and the picture of "Cousin William, who is on the board of trade," and these two good old women talked over a hundred harmless things which constituted their every-day life. John finally suggested that it was time they were going if he could believe the clock of appetite. Anna met them at the door, her eyes dancing as she said: "Uncle Warren is almost ready. You lay off your things and sit down at the table."

When Mr. Warren had finished the tenderly thankful grace, John's eyes as well as Anna's were filled with tears. Mr. Warren turned over his plate and there lay the canceled mortgage. Slowly he lifted it. "What does this mean, John?" The kind voice of the old man trembled with emotion as he glanced first at the mortgage, then at the son. And John's mother, who had been peering through her glasses at something which wouldn't pour out of the cream pitcher, turned the article upside down and a bunch of bank notes dropped upon the table.

Then the old couple saw it all and soon the three were clasping hands and no one could say a word until John managed to murmur: "Father, mother, it's a part of my repentance."

The dishes cleaned and put away, Anna took the mystified Mrs. Warren into the little "spare room" and John asked his father to walk up to his room, and there, spread out on the bed, was a splendid new, warm suit of clothing and shoes and a fur cap and a handsome great coat.

The old man knelt down by the bed and murmured, "I thank Thee, Lord, for my son." Then arising, clothed himself in the first well-fitting suit he had ever worn. John, too, arrayed himself in his best, and soon they walked down into the parlor, where John saw a sweet, matronly woman and a pretty young woman, both smiling and both having evidences of recent tears.

During the week that followed John engaged a hired man to ease his father's work and a trusty girl to relieve his mother. He also hired a carpenter to do some needed repairing and set in motion many plans for the future comfort of the parents.

One day he and Harry Scott hunted through the woods, and when, tired and loaded with trophies of the day's hunt, they came to Mr. Warren's they found Jennie Nellis and Anna seated before the "great-hearted fire." What a merry supper that was, and how the old people laughed at the bright sallies of the young folk!

Then they roasted apples and told stories, and John felt that he had faithfully carried out the program of the traveling men.

When he left for the West he carried in his memory not only the dear faces of his parents, but the gentle voice of Anna as she said:

"Yes, but not until June, John."—Chicago Post.

Thanksgiving Fable.

A gay young Gobbler, seeing how Melancholy the Turkeys were, propounded A Conundrum:

"Why are Turkeys the Drum Corps of the Fowl Creation? Give it up? Because they all carry Drumsticks. O-u-e-h!" He dodged A blow from the Patriarch of the Flock, who Overheard him.

"Spare Me," said the young Fellow, assuming the defensive. "I can give you A Better one. Why do Turkeys have No Hereafter?"

The Patriarch blustered Around and dragged his Wings, looking very Fierce. He knew he ought to know, but couldn't for the Life of Him remember. So he Glowered at the Culprit and asked Severely:

"Well, Sir, why do Turkeys have No Hereafter?"

"Because they have their Necks Twirled in This."

"Pooh!" said the Patriarch, Contemptuously. "That was around on Crutches when Adam wore Kilts. Now, here is Something new that I Caught on the Wing. We are All to be Dry Picked this Year."

"What!" Shrieked A giddy Blood with a pink Crest. "Not on Your Life!"

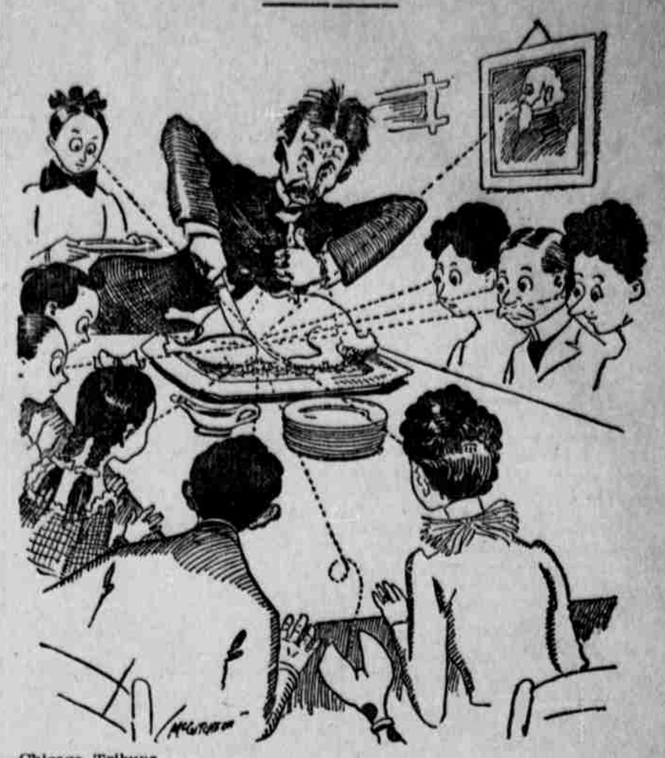
"No, Silly, but as Soon as it is Over. It is the old Way of Turkey Undertaking and The only Way. In Philadelphia, where I Clipped into the World, Dry Picking was the Correct Thing. All the old families held to It. That gives Turkey Feathers the chance of their Lives. Turkey Tails for Fans—I am told the Aborigines quite Dote on Them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Faith and Hope.

Mayme—If you don't love him why are you going to marry him?

Maybelle—O, I expect to love him after we are married. He has promised that on the morning of our wedding day he will shave off his dinky little French beard.—Chicago Tribune.

THE THANKSGIVING DAY HERO.



—Chicago Tribune.

"THURSDAY ALWAYS WAS MY JONAH DAY!"